A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, July 15. 1707.

I Muſt now trace my Enquirer in his Letter N°... from *Spain* to *Germany*, and indeed I can give but a melancholy Account of things there: However, we muſt examine our bad as well as our good Sides, and view the World, when it has its worſt Face on as well as its beſt.

I know the Boaſts of ſome People on this Point, as to the Succeſſes of the *French* on the *Rhine*, and how they have all on a ſuddain carry'd the Mareſchal *De Villars* clear thro' *Wirtemburg*, *Swabia* and *Franconia* into *Bavaria*; they have joyn'd him with 25000 *Swedes*, ſent the Duke of *Bavaria* Home after him by Poſt, and rais'd all his Country up in Arms for him; they have turn'd the Imperialiſts out of all the ſtrong Cities on that ſide in an Inſtant, and are carrying the War to the Gates of *Vienna* again, and then, *ware Emperor*, ſay they, the Confederates have not been encourag'd to relieve him a ſecond Time.

But pray hold, Gentlemen, not ſo faſt, this is a *High-Flying* Reckning indeed, there are a great many long Steps to be taken, before all this can be done. 'Tis true, the Negligence and ſupine Coldneſs of the Imperial Confederates on that ſide, is unaccountable and ſurprizing, and the vigilant Enemy makes vaſt Advantages of it; the *French* have gone a great Length there indeed, and conſidering Affairs in other Parts, it is a very great Diſaſter, and the more ſo, in the great Advantage they gain, by laying ſuch vaſt Tracts of Land under heavy Contributions, and raiſing ſuch Sums of Money, as in all Probability gives a feeling Eaſe to the *French* Finances, which have felt ſtrange Convulſions under the ſtrong Aplication of their Mint Project—The filling their Troops alſo with

German

German Soldiers, and getting Horſes in thoſe fruitful rich Countries; theſe are capital Advantages, which it ought to have been the Empires laſt Care to have prevented: Theſe and Abundance of other things yet behind, are Advantages, which the *French* by this unexpected Succeſs do gain upon us, and I am very ſorry for it—But to run on at the extravagant Rate theſe Gentlemen talk of, is not rational yet, from all theſe things put together.

The Gentlemen ought to remember Days of Yore, that one *Blenheim* will retrieve a great deal more than all this; perhaps it may poſtpone other very uſeful Deſigns, it may give Breath to the languiſhing Intereſt of *France* and *Spain*, and 'tis hard, a ſupine Generation of drunken *Germans* ſhould loſe for us ſo hopeful a Proſpect: But, Gentlemen, if it muſt be ſo, if *Blenheim* muſt be fought again, if Prince *Eugene* muſt come out of *Italy*, and the Duke of *Marlborough* leave *Flanders* again; if all this is neceſſary, be it ſo, the *Engliſh* Army knows the Way to the *Danube*, and the Way back again too, and that's more than the *French* could ſay of their Generals, the laſt time they carry'd the War thither; and they will march to *Bavaria* now, with great Advantages compar'd to what they had before, conſidering *Bavaria* now in our own Hands, then in an Enemies Hand; *Italy* on their Backs now free of Enemies, then poſſeſs'd by them; the *French* on that ſide driven to the *Defenſive*, and poſted in the Faſtneſſes of the Mountains only to guard their own Dominions, then they were penetrated to the Borders of *Tyrol*.

I muſt own, I did never expect to ſee this Part of the World made the Theatre of Blood again in this War; I thought, we had been ſecure on that ſide, and that the Circumſtances of the *French* would have made the Lines of *Stolhoffen* out of Danger, or at leaſt eaſie to be defended; and it cannot be enough regretted, that any Nation in the World ſhould be ſo ſtupid, as if the *French* could do them no Harm, nor be in any Condition to look about them, that they ſhould depend upon another *Ramellies, for it was that only ſav'd them laſt Year*, and expect other Nations ſhould ſave them, without the Agency of their own Forces, without putting forth their own Strength, or exerting that Force in Seaſon, which they are at the Charge of maintaining, and which only wants to be diſpos'd in Time.

Unhappy are the Subjects of ſuch Princes or States, who by their *Bruiſh* Negligence expoſe them to the Ravages of a ſharp-ſighted and diligent Enemy; an Enemy that loſes no Advantages, that lets ſlip no Opportunities, that ſleeps not nor ſlacks his Hand, but in every Angle of his vaſt Dominions, ay, and of his Enemies too, has his faithful Intelligence, and who lyes on the Catch, for every Slip or every Miſtake they can commit.

O could theſe Princes be ruin'd but alone! Could the Miſchief fall only on thoſe that are viſibly the Occaſion of it! Could the Ravages of the Enemy ſurprize and affect only the negligent, and expoſe only thoſe that have in vain been reminded of their Danger! How juſtly ſhould they be abandoned of all the World, and left to feel the Bondage and Deſtruction they have brought upon themſelves.

But here is a broken Enemy ſtrengthned, an impoveriſh'd Enemy made rich, an exhauſted Enemy ſupply'd, a diſcourag'd Enemy animated! Here are honeſt and punctual Princes and States ruin'd, abandon'd and expos'd; ſuch as the D. of *Wirtembergh*, the Circle of *Swabia*, the Elector *Palatine*, Princes of *Baden*, *Durlach*, and ſeveral others; here are the Schemes of the Confederate Armies broken, their Meaſures alter'd, their Proſpects diſappointed, and all by Friends; what the powerful Enemy could never effect by all their ſuperiour Force, the ſhameful Treachery or Slothfulneſs, call it which you will, *for Sloth in a Confederated War is a Negative Treachery*, I ſay, the ſhameful Treachery of Friends brings to paſs.

I might go on in this Paper to exclaim againſt this Behaviour of the Empire, render it in its proper Figure to be abhorr'd by *Europe*, and leave it as a Mark of Infamy to Ages to come upon the Parties concern'd; and no doubt it ſhall be remembred to make the World cautious, how they engage with them: But this is an Exclamation will give us no Relief; the preſent Buſineſs is to retrieve

trieve this Loſs, and gather together the Forces now.

Old Count *Montecuculi* the Imperial General, who commanded on the *Rhine* againſt the famous and truly great *Turenne*, us'd to ſay, That the *French* General was the beſt Meſſenger to rendezvous the Imperial Army; juſt as it is now, ſo it was then, after Monſieur *Turenne* had taken the Field, and ravag'd their Frontiers, when they found the *French* not at the Door only, but within the Door: Then they would come together, and then the *French* General would be gone, for he had done his Buſineſs, perhaps he had ſnapt a good Town or two, and rais'd Contributions and Magazine, ſufficient to maintain his Army the whole Year, and then he would lye ſtill and amuſe them; and by this very Management the *French* took all *Alſatia*, and the large and fruitful Countries between the *Saar* and the *Rhine*; by this Method they paſs'd the *Rhine*, took Fort *Kiel*, *Briſac*, *Friburgh*, and a vaſt Tract of Ground in the *Briſgow*, and to the Mountains of the black Forreſt, and ravag'd the *Palatinates* to the Gates of *Hailbron*.

And juſt thus it is now. Well, Gentlemen, it cannot be help'd, the Ruin muſt fall where it falls; the next Buſineſs is to bring together the Imperial Army at laſt, the Forces are not defeated, they loſt very few Men; if they will but get together now in any conſiderable Body, the Mareſchal *Villars* muſt come Home again, and all the fancy'd Journey into *Bavaria* will come to nothing; for unleſs he can bring the Imperialiſts to a Battle, tho' they were but 15000 to 20000 Men, he dares not advance ſo long a March as into *Bavaria*, and leave them behind him. —And the Reaſon is plain, becauſe he has not an Army on the *Rhine* to ſecure the Country, when he is gone, or to favour his Retreat, and therefore the Bluſters of thoſe People, who as I ſaid before talk ſo faſt, are of ſmall Value.

Indeed, if the *Swede* ſhould fall in, ſtrange things may happen, and no Man can pretend to foreſee the Conſequences of ſuch a Surprize: I own, he is at preſent to me an unaccountable Prince, and while he lies ſtill in *Saxony* with 15000 Men in the Heart of Summer, the very Seaſon of a War, and neither ſtirs one Way or another; while he lets *Poland* be ravaged by the *Muſcovite*, and his new King whom he has ſet up, be almoſt baniſhed out of his Dominions; while he leaves his own Subjects in *Livonia* under the *Ruſſian* Tyranny, and that Kingdom, for which he undertook that bloody War, be ſnatch'd from him by a contemptible Enemy. Will any Man tell me, he has no Meaning? Will any Man ſay, he does not keep his Eye upon the Stage of *Europe*, and reſerve himſelf to act, as things ſhall iſſue there? — If they do, I muſt pretend to ſay, I give no Heed to ſuch Diſcourſe.

Indeed the principal Dependance, I have in this Matter, is from the Negotiation of the Duke of *Marlborough*; I do not believe, his Grace would come away ſatisfy'd, and make us all eaſie, if he had not receiv'd more than common Aſſurances of that Prince, and of his Conduct in this Part of the Affair, and this alone compoſes the Minds of thoſe that have had moſt Concern for the Motion of the *Swedes* —— But that there is not yet ſomething unknown to *Europe* in the Projects of the *Swede*, I cannot but believe, and Time muſt diſcover it—Either he has ſomething in View beyond the uſual Gueſſes of the World, or elſe he is the moſt impolitick, nothing-doing Prince in the World, and this we have no Reaſon to ſay of him yet.

I own, 'tis too much in the Power of that Prince at this Time to turn the Scale of *Europe*; if the greateſt Weight in the World were equally divided in an exact Ballance, the leaſt Weight again added to one of them, ſhall make it weigh down the other; if the Ballance between *France* and the Confederates had not been already but too even, this had not been ſo long a War, the Battle won and loſt on either ſide had not been ſo often fought, the Loſſes retriev'd, the Scale turn'd now this Way, now that Way, that to this Day it may be call'd a doubtful War, and no Man can by the Outſides of things determine the Advantage.

Should then a Neutral Prince, who ſtands ſtill with 15000 Men at his Heels, *and ſuch Men as his are too, than which there are no better in the World*? Should this Prince fall in on any ſide, he muſt run the other to great Extremities! On the other hand, ſhould